MEN WHO MAKE LAUGHTER FOR THE AMERICAN NATION

Beginning with the Dean of Humorous Writers, Mark Twain, Most of Them Have Arrived in the Joe Miller Corps by Roundabout Ways. Many Received Literary Training on Newspapers Before They Developed as Fun-makers.

Humorists Whose Incomes Are Comparable to the Salary of the President of the United States. With One or Two Exceptions Most of the Writers of Fun Are Young, and Made Their Hits When They Were in Their Early Thirties.

By JOHN S. HARWOOD.

Very few of the men who make the nation laugh with the written joke began life as humorists. The truth is, a majority of them took exceedingly roundabout ways to become full-fledged members of the laugh-provoking corps.

The dean of our present-day Joe Millers—none other than the white-robed Mark Twain—was first a printer's apprentice, then a Mississippi River pilot, then a private secretary to his brother, who was Territorial secretary in Nevada, before he began building up a humorist's reputation while a newspaper reporter and editor in Virginia City. And quite a while before he had attracted more than local fame as a "funny man" he had tried his hand at mining.

C. B. Lewis ("M. Quad"), at sixty-six our second oldest humorist and still in active harness, began life as a printer's "devil," "stuck" type, and otherwise thoroughly learned the trade of a journeyman printer before he developed into a year-in-and-year-out producer of fun with the same characters. He also was a civil war boy soldier, rising from private to brevet captain in a Michigan cavalry regiment and having his blood spilled in defense of the country.

O. Henry, one of the latest men to make the nation laugh, got a lot of the knowledge that he has put into his stories at first hand as cowboy, sheep herder, merchant, miner, druggist, and extensive traveler in ordinary and extraordinary places. Gelett Burgess, graduating at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology in 1887, was for three years a draftsman for a railroad, then an instructor of topographical drawing, and finally a designer, before he broke into the literary field. Charles Battell Loomis, who also received his education in a polytechnic institute, held down a clerk's stool for an even dozen years.

Makes Laughter for Yankees.

Jerome K. Jerome, an English humorist who enjoys the rather unusual distinction among his country's Joe Millers of having made the Yankees laugh heartily, was a railway clerk, a theater attache and actor, a school teacher, newspaper advertising solicitor, a solicitor's clerk, and a reporter. Tom Masson, literary editor of one of the country's leading humorous weeklies since 1893, was an office boy, later bookkeeper for the same firm, and not until he became telegraph editor for a newspaper press association did he have his first joke accepted and published. When Champ Clark went to Congress from Missouri in 1893 and soon thereafter began making the country laugh with his maiden speeches and written jokes, he had behind him a record as hired hand on a farm, clerk in a country store, school teacher and college president, country newspaper editor, lawyer and office holder.

George Ade, like Mark Twain, M. Quad, Jerome, Masson, and Clark, experienced the joys and tribulations of a newspaper worker's life before he began to coin a fortune by making his fellow beings hold their sides over his slang words and phrases. He began as a reporter on a country daily. Mr. Dooley, too—or, to call him by the name his parents gave him, Finley Peter Dunne—is a former newspaper man, and Ellis Parker Butler, when he had his first bit of humorous work accepted by a New York editor, was on a newspaper. As for Edwin A. Oliver, of the Yonker's (N. Y.) Statesman, and famous among humorists of all degrees and distinctions as the father of the now common conversational joke, his whole business life has been spent in the office of the Statesman, where he "worked at the case" when a youth.

Trained as Reporters.

Thus, it is plain that a goodly proportion of the noted humorists of the day received their literary training in newspaper offices. It is equally true that not a few of them became saturated with the Western spirit and way of looking at things before they began to attract attention as coiners of laughs.

Though born down East, in Boston, and educated there, it was on the Pacific Coast that Gelett Burgess spent his first working years as railroad draftsman, university instructor, and designer. There, too, he began to attract attention in the literary world as editor of the Lark and by his unconventional way of writing humor. A native Texan, O. Henry—in real life Sydney Porter—knows the strenuous life of the frontier and pseudo-frontier from A to Izzard.

Tom Masson, a Yankee by birth, received his business training in the Middle West, where Ellis Parker Butler was born, reared, and toiled until he struck out for New York, hunted up his old friend Masson, and asked him how to go about getting along in the metropolis. The two had met years before in Iowa, when Masson was keeping books and Parker was a country newspaper worker. Champ Clark, born in Kentucky, has worked out the greater part of his truly picturesque career in Mississippi River States. Once he drifted as far West as Kansas, where "atmosphere" was about the only thing he succeeded in taking away with him when he shook the dust of the Sunflower State from his feet.

Product of Hoosier Belt.

George Ade has been truthfully accused of being a representative product of the Hoosier literary belt. Born therein and therein a humble newspaper worker for a number of years, he at last became a newspaper reporter in Chicago, where, in the course of time, he garnered the first fruits of humoristic cultivation. Mr. Dooley was Chicago trained as reporter and editor, as well as Chicago born and raised. Not until after he had won international fame as a humorous philosopher did he leave the Illinois metropolis for the national one. The Middle West boasts of the birth-town of Mark Twain, and the sage-brush country of the fact that while he was one of its pioneer settlers he developed the humorous streak with which he has convulsed the nations for so many years. M. Quad's characters were created while he lived in Michigan. He was born and raised in Ohio and Michigan.

After the West—near, middle, and far—New York City and its environs seem to hold the distinction of having produced the largest number of humorists now prominent in the public eye. Oliver, of dialogue joke fame, has lived and labored continually just north of the city's boundaries. John Kendrick Bangs is also a product of Yonkers, where he has lived the greater part of his life. Charles Battell Loomis, born in Brooklyn, is now the first citizen of Hackensack, the mere mention of which town arouses the risibilities of the average New Yorker. Then there is Carolyn Wells, that rara avis of the literary world, a truly capable petticoated humorist. Rahway, N. J., was her birthplace, and in that metropolitan suburb she makes her home.

Are Young in Years.

Perhaps all this is mere coincidence, and perhaps, too, it is mere coincidence that most of the better known humorists of the pen are rather young in years. With the exception of M. Quad and Mark Twain, who carries his seventy-two years with the sprightliness of a load a third less light, practically all the men are in Time's "children's" class. Mr. Dunne will not be forty-one till next month; Ade, Burgess, and Masson are each a year older. Ellis Parker Butler can qualify as the "baby" of the masculine Joe Millers, since he has to his credit only thirty-eight years. In this connection it is rather interesting to note that, like Mr. Butler, the majority of the "funny men" made their reputations as such in the thirties, and most of them in the early thirties, at that. Among the women humorists, Miss Wells, Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, a late comer in the field and a former Middle West newspaper worker, and Miss Beatrice Herford, sister of the quaintly humorous Oliver, whose written and spoken monologues have given her fame both here and in England, are all young, of course, though the reference books are noncommittal as to their years, which they should be.

Though Miss Wells is of the East and has never been of the West, it is nevertheless true that she became a humorist of the nonsense verse type under the guidance of Gelett Burgess while he was yet a leading literary light of San Francisco. She had been trying, without success, for several years to break into print when she chanced upon a copy of the Lark, Burgess' magazine, and read therein his classic, beginning:

I never saw a purple cow,
I never hope to see one.

Straightway Miss Wells fired some of her verse at the Lark. Back came a scathing letter of criticism from the editor, in which he practically told the young lady to submit no more manuscript to him. Far from taking the hint, Miss Wells forwarded another batch of her work. It came back. So did many other batches, and with them came letters as sharply critical as the first. For over a year Miss Wells kept doggedly at her work trying to profit by these criticisms. Finally, she had one verse accepted, and a year or two later her work was in demand. She herself gives the credit to Mr. Burgess for her training and success as a writer of nonsense stuff.

Ellis Parker Butler also was really started on his career as a humorist by a fellow-humorist, Tom Masson. While Butler was on a Kansas City newspaper he sent a "funny piece" to Mr. Masson's weekly paper. It was accepted—and that was the only thing the weekly accepted from Mr. Butler for a long time. After it had accepted several other things, Mr. Butler one day walked into Mr. Masson's office and informed him that he had taken his advice and come on to make his way in the metropolis.

As he had come without prospects and with but little money, he asked Mr. Masson to give him a little advice on how to get along in the big city. He was told first to hunt out a boarding-house where he could afford to live, and then to work hard and take his chances with the rest of the metropolitan strugglers after fame and dollars. Butler took the advice both as to boarding-house and work. He got a position on a trade paper, by hard work he finally became its editor, and this post he retained until recently, his humorous writing being done as work on the side.

Not until two or three years ago did Mr. Butler's name begin to appear with regularity in the magazines at the head of laughable stories. He frankly admits that the idea of the story with which he made his first pronounced hit was supplied by a magazine editor; that all he did was to write the story. However that may be, the story itself has netted its author a small fortune and gained him a popularity with publishers that undoubtedly has added materially to his bank account.

O. HENRY,
Who has been a cowboy, miner, traveler, &c.

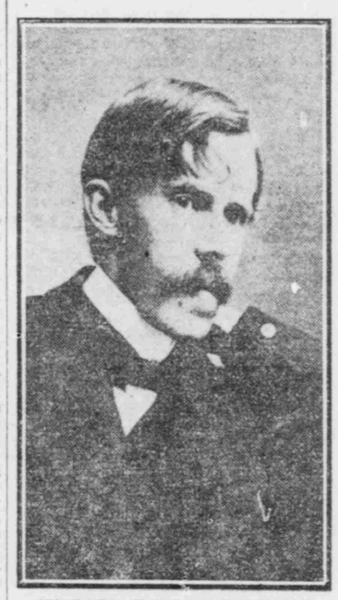
JEROME K. JEROME,
His favorite photograph.

EDWIN A. OLIVER,
Father of the conversational joke.

TOM MASSON,
Father of the phrase "Summer girl."

MISS CAROLYN WELLS.

GELETT BURGESS,
Born on the Atlantic Coast; trained on the Pacific.



CHARLES BARTLETT LOOMIS.

Among the new generation of humorists George Ade has probably earned more in a single year than any of his colleagues, and his steady income probably ranks second only to that enjoyed by Mark Twain. Since he became a successful playwright there have been several years when from his plays, books, and newspaper humor Mr. Ade has enjoyed a yearly income topping the salary given by the nation to the man it calls President. Though he has never engaged in play writing, Mr. Dunne has at times enjoyed an income comparable in amount to Mr. Ade's. Each of these men, by the way, is the creator of a new style of humor. Ade is the "daddy" of slang fun and Dunne of philosophical fun. The fact that each is a creator of a peculiar brand of humor that is close to the great mass of people doubtless accounts in large measure for the big earning powers of each.

Legend hath it that when Ade began his newspaper career in Lafayette, Ind., following his graduation from Purdue University, he received part of his small salary in meal tickets on a cheap restaurant. It is a fact that while he worked in Lafayette he helped get up a city directory. Ade became a reporter in 1887. Three years later his salary had risen to $15 a week—and then Ade struck out for Chicago.

The ensuing decade Ade spent in the employ of one Chicago newspaper. By the time the decade was pretty well spent he had managed to acquire a local reputation as a writer of light short stories. Then, one day, after reading an old fable, he conceived the idea of dising up slang in fable form. This happy thought speedily brought him fame and fortune, and the public has kept Ade writing his unique fables long after he has longed to close this literary chapter of his career.

Though most humorists, when they make a national reputation, take up their headquarters in New York City, Mr. Ade has studiously refrained from doing so. He goes to New York frequently, at the dictates of business, but his home is on a farm in Northern Indiana, his acres being one result of his creation of the slang fable. By thus returning to his native State he controverted his own clever slur on Indiana, made when a woman, who wanted to be real nice to him, said:

"Have you ever thought, Mr. Ade, how many bright people come from Indiana?"

"Yes," replied the author, "and the brighter they are the quicker they come."

Another bright man who has come from Indiana is George Barr McCutcheon, the novelist. When George was still working on a small Indiana nawspaper he wrote his first novel. He sent the manuscript on to Chicago for his brother John and Ade, a college friend, to look over. The two found a publisher for it. Then Ade devoted a lot of time to getting up all sorts of freak schemes to advertise the book. The publisher made use of them with avidity, and in a surprisingly short time Ade's chum George Barr McCutheon had a national reputation. Ade and McCutcheon, when they were boys together in Lafayette, Ind., collaborated in writing patent medicine advertisements, out of which they made their first good slice of money.

Ade a Likeable Chap.

Ade is a most likeable chap, and as modest as he is likeable. In appearance he is strikingly boyish, and what men would call good looking and women handsome. He is an entertaining conversationalist when occasion demands, but he prefers to listen to the other fellow talk. Though he is now on what some pessimistic folk call the wrong side of forty, he has not got out of touch with youth. Only lately he wrote a play for production by the dramatic club of his alma mater, and he takes delight in gathering with college boys and other youthful spirits, devotees of the art of spontaneous fun.

Another prominent humorist, who, like Ade, is just now devoting most of his attention to the stage, is Jerome K. Jerome, who recently said in an interview, when he was in this country, that he couldn't write another book like "Three Men in a Boat" if he tried. The reason he gave was that at the time he produced that laughmaker humor was spontaneous with him. In other words, Jerome K. thinks he's getting serious, whatever else the world may think about it. John Kendrick Banks is another humorous writer, who, after he had a reputation as such, turned toward the stage, but to put it mildly, with nothing like the success of Ade. Jerome, as a dramatist, has been fairly successful.

Jerome first got interested in the stage when he was struggling to exist in London. As already stated, he was a theater attache and at one time an actor. One of his duties in those days was to let himself be killed twice in the same performance. After he had taken to newspaper work and got tired of free lancing, he applied for and received the post of dramatic critic on a paper, his salary being $7.50 a week. He was thirty when his first popular humorous book came out; that was in 1889. The previous sixteen years had been exceedingly hard and frequently discouraging ones to Jerome, who had to support himself from the time he was fourteen, when his parents died. But since "Three Men in a Boat" appeared he has had easy sailing financially. To-day it is his ambition to do something serious that will give him fame, and it is through the stage that he hopes to accomplish this dream, which not infrequently lays its spell on the funmakers of the nation, whether of the written, spoken, or pictured cult.

Dreaming a Long Dream.

Tom Masson is another specific example of a humorist who longs to accomplish something serious. His dream is to give the world a monumental and definite work on the history of humor. He has been dreaming this dream ever since he began trying to get his jokes into print. To this end he has collected a large reference library and, when he is not engaged in his bread-and-butter work he is pretty sure to be found working on his history, which he expects will fill ten volumes of encylopedic dimensions.

Of course, Mr. Masson is proud of some of his jokes, but the bit of work of which he is proudest is his organization of the Dutch Treat Club. The name betrays the character of the club, which has for members practically all the big magazine editors of the metropolis and numerous authors whose works are widely read in the periodicals and book form. Masson is president of the club, which is now about a year old.

It is to Masson that the world is indebted for the term "summer girl." And 'twas in February, when a blizzard was making things decidedly uncomfortable for humanity, that he evolved the phrase that has gone round the world. It first appeared at the head of some verses; since then it has been worked to death with perennial regularity. Perhaps even Masson is now sorry that he fathered the phrase.

John Kendrick Bangs, like Masson, Jerome, Mr. Dooley, Mark Twain, Tom Masson, Ellis Parker Butler, Gelett Burgess, and others, has sat in an editorial chair. In short, he had occupied so many editorial chairs that he easily holds the honors in this particular among the Joe Millers of the English tongue. He also has the distinction of being the only humorist who ever took politics seriously enough to be a candidate for office.

Tried to Be a Politician.

Mr. Bangs back in '94, aspired to be mayor of Yonkers. To that end he induced the Democracy of that New York suburb to make him its candidate. The three weeks that followed were doubtless the most serious in Mr. Bangs' existence, as he went about trying to catch the elusive vote. He caught some, but his opponent caught 207 more, and the joke was on Bangs. The Bangsian campaign furnished a lot of amusement for New Yorkers, who were kept posted by the daily papers of the progress of a humorist as a politician.

After he gave up all designs on the mayoralty Mr. Bangs turned his attention to education, and in 1897 he became vice president of the Yonkers school board, with the avowed intention, his opponents declared, of substituting his humorous works for the standard text books. However that may be, Mr. Bangs remained a prominent director of the Yonkers young idea till 1904. Since then he has eschewed public preferment.

Bangs has the distinction of being the most productive of our fun-makers. He thinks nothing of turning out two or three books a year, with scores of short stories and innumerable paragraph jokes on the side.

Edwin A. Oliver, Bangs' old fellow-townsman, when he began writing on the Statesman, his father's paper, turned out short stories. From this work he drifted into the dialogue joke. This is his modest explanation of his creation of this form of laugh-producing writing. Oliver did this drifting some thirty-odd years ago, and since that time he has turned out jokes at the rate of six to ten a day. All told, he has sprung about 80,000 jokes in print. It is safe to say that most of Mr. Oliver's jokes have been copied the world over. That publication which aims to print any humor whatever rarely neglects to exercise the clipping scissors on Oliver's column, signed with the pen name of Ed. I. Torialle.

Joked with Royalty.

Among the present-day American humorists he divides with Mark Twain the distinction of having cracked jokes with the present King and Queen of England. He was entertained by them in 1896, when they were Prince and Princess of Wales. The prince, it seems, had been smiling for years at jokes of Oliver's copied by the British publications.

When John W. Oliver, the humorist's father, died a year or two ago, he was the oldest newspaper editor in the country. The son now sits in the editorial chair so long filled by the father. Prior to his father's death he looked after the paper's business side. To-day his eye is on all departments of the paper which his jokes have made internationally famous. But his especial pet is a column headed "Whim Whams," which he once seriously told an inquirer was written by the office boy after he had finished sweeping out the office and running his daily quota of errands.

OPTIMISTIC VIEW OF THE DIVORCE CRISIS IN FRANCE OF PRESENT DAY

At present, it appears, there is a marriage crisis. It is condemned, that crisis, on every hand—at the theater, in the newspapers, even from the tribune of the Senate. And it is invariably attributed to the divorce laws which were so imprudently, as they say, re-established in France about a quarter of a century ago, says Hippolyte Lemaire in Le Monde Illustre.

The grim moralists, natural enemies of a change, determined conservators of all traditions, toss their heads with an "I told you so" air and enjoy the bitter consolation of having predicted what has come about. "It was inevitable," say they, "from the time you first began to lay irreverent hands upon the absolute indissolubility of marriage! A single generation has sufficed to demonstrate that the more and more lax practice of divorce brings us face to face with free union."

There is nothing more startling than these peremptory but unproved declarations. When they are formulated by aged and solemn persons, respectable withal, whose saddened spirits seem to attest their sincerity while augmenting their authority, it is difficult to make answer. Thus there has spread abroad an alarming impression that the institution of marriage, that fundamental basis of the family and of society, is threatened with approaching extinction.

For my own part, I was at first as scared as any one. Free union—is not that an end of all we have learned to love and respect, an end of fireside dignity, of family affection, of the indulgent authority of parents, of the trustful security of the children? Does it not mean a regime of moral anarchy—the abomination of desolation? Later, however, I began to have my doubts about the marriage crisis. Is it really so threatening as they say? Let us look into it and see.

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The number of divorces is unquestionably increasing, but this increase, when examined closely, is far from possessing the sweeping proportions attributed to it and far from involving the consequences predicted. It affects only a small and turbulent minority of society, which is perpetually on the go and is taken for elite because it is continually appearing at the surface. In reality it is not an elite, it is only a sort of froth. In that little world, there is no denying that divorces are increasingly common. But what does that prove? All these neurotics have a conception of life so unusual, so artificial, so manifestly false, that their very misbehaviors are a lesson rather than a bad example to the masses. They inspire contempt for divorce, just as the spectacle of the drunken Helots in olden times inspired contempt for drunkenness.

But although the contagion of example might be something to fear in the case of opium eaters who become enslaved by the drug, has any one ever refused to allow the use of opiates as a remedy to assuage intense pain? Here is the whole question in epitome. Divorce is nothing but a legal remedy, in a measure an incontestible social malady. To be sure, the ideal is indissoluble marriage and the peaceful progress of the family. That is not only the ideal of the moralists and the theologians, but also obviously the ideal of society and of the law itself. But religion and the law are powerless in practice to assure the infallible realization of that ideal. Now when a catastrophe or the stress of events has rendered this realization henceforward impossible, when an irremedial moral rupture has occurred, between the two persons united in marriage, and when the pair can no longer look at each other save in anger and hate to recognize each other, holding each other in abhorrence, a common existence can be for them only an unendurable tyranny, and the law must afford them some way of escape from it.

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It is the fashion, in these days of divorce, to write plays to show we did wrong to re-establish it. Thirty years ago other plays were staged, equally convincing, to prove that such re-establishment was imperative. And the plays of those days were as loudly applauded as those of to-day can be. Why? Precisely because, in its very essence, divorce is only a great remedy for a great evil—a remedy to be used only in rare and desperate cases, and because those cases involve dramatic situations whose interest can be exploited for or against divorce according to the point of view one elects to assume.

M. Paul Bourget, at the Vaudeville, shows us a son who declares himself to have been made exceedingly wretched because his mother obtained a divorce and married again. I confess that his affirmation astonishes us a little, for we find that he was tenderly and devotedly brought up by this second husband of his mother's, who was a fine fellow in spite of being a free-thinker, and all of whose noble and generous ideas he shared. Moreover, the true interest of the play is not in the lad's sorrows. Yet he says he has been unhappy and the audience is begged to pity him. Thirty-two years ago, on the stage of this same Vaudeville, in "Madame Caverlet," Emile Augier invited our compassion for the plight of two young people, brother and sister, whose happiness could be secured only by the divorce of their mother and her marriage to the big-hearted man who had formerly wooed her and who had brought up her children after she had been abandoned by an unworthy husband. "Un Divorce" is widely applauded—which proves that M. Paul Bourget has much genius. "Madame Caverlet" was applauded equally wildly. Emile Augier also had genius. We must draw no argument, then, from plays supporting either the partisans or the adversaries of divorce. Its adversaries get a hearing today because divorce exists and because there is talk of abolishing it. But once do it away, and you will soon behold in all the Parisian theaters vigorous and eloquent plays demanding its re-establishment. The drama, you see, is a bit like statistics, you can make it prove anything you choose. All you have to do is to clothe your plea or your protest in the raiment of a sufficiently interesting dramatic action.

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The thing worth serious attention in the present movement and in the vogue of the plays, the novels, and the newspaper articles against divorce is that public sentiment has been aroused by the increase in the number of divorces and that it regards the symptom as alarming—this on the belief that the practice of divorce is becoming more and more a factor in our social existence and menaces the ancient institution of marriage.

But that is so merely in appearance. "It is always the same fellows who get killed!" remarked some general or other after a battle. You might almost sing the same thing here. It is always the same people who get divorced! Look beyond Paris and the great cities and see what is going on in the provincial towns and the rural hamlets; there divorce remains what it ought to be, the exception, the rare exception, heroic treatment to untangle inextricable difficulties and put an end to intolerable evils. It is the others—the neurotics of the froth—who falsify statistics by making divorce a mad sport, a fad, which is what might be expected of unbalanced creatures who base their way of life upon the bad novels they read. They will get over it, or they will get over living—which will be still better.

What, then, are we to conclude? That all is for the best, and that there is no marriage crisis? My optimism won't go that length. Alas, no! Not everything is for the best! In the first place, not everything is for the best, since it is the destiny of our human race to evolve ceaselessly, despite hesitancy, toward that better ideal which we call progress. The essential thing is to know in what direction progress lies, so as to favor it instead of hindering it. Now, is it not toward the emancipation of human personality that progress is certainly oriented? If so, I will venture to say that divorce laws, far from assailing the institution of marriage, are, on the contrary, a necessary expedient for assuring the maintenance of that institution by bringing it into harmony with modern ideas.

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Anciently, no doubt, with the old Roman conception of the husband as the owner of the wife, the problem was much less intricate. The right of might imposed upon the woman passive obedience and resignation as the indispensable virtues of her sex. Whether we like it or not, ideas on this point have been considerably modified, and there is no going back to the former order of things. Henceforth the indissolubility of marriage must be based upon the voluntary and conscientious agreement between husband and wife. I have somewhere read that when the Code Civil was under discussion, the first consul formulated on this subject a definition which, for my part, I find excellent: "Marriage is indissoluble in this sense, that at the moment when it is contracted each of the two parties to the contract must be firmly resolved never to break it." There, in a word, is the essential. But that the indissolubility of marriage can in no case receive modifications is contrary to all the precepts and examples of all the ages.

To overcome the marriage crisis, the thing needed is to reform our morals so as to abolish the rashness and lightness with which marriages are too often contracted. And the entire essential of such reform rests upon this other formula: "In marriage, there can be no perfect union save on the condition of a perfect community of ideas and sentiments."

Different.

From Puck.

Mrs. Gramercy—You always told me you couldn't see anything in socialism?

Mrs. Park—But, my dear, I didn't know then it was going to become a fad.

ENGLAND HAS HAD SEVEN VESSELS NAMED WARSPITE ON HER NAVY LIST

From the London Globe.

Two names have been put forward for the new cruiser that is to be built at Devonport this year, one of them the York, worthy on account of the territorial connections associated with the name, the other the Warspite, worthy on account of the long and glorious record of service associated with seven Warspites in British naval annals. Unlike all the other vessels whose names have recently headed this column, Warspite has no Nelsonic tradition. The only links between Warspites and Nelson are two captains of the fifth ship of the name, Sir Henry Blackwood and Sir William Parker, "the last of Nelson's captains." Yet the battle honors of the Warspite make a longer list than those of any other name in British naval annals, with the one exception of the Swiftsure. The Swiftsure took part in the defeat of the Spanish Armada. Warspite only came into existence as a result of that engagement.

In Thomas Heywood's "If You Know Not Me, You Know Nothing," first published in 1605, is a scene showing the naming of the first Warspite. Queen Elizabeth is at Tilbury Camp with her court, receiving the news of the defeat of the Armada. A post comes to tell of the skirmish off the Eddystone. A second tells of the battle off Portland and reports the death of Martin Frobisher. A third 'post" fast upon the heels of the second, contradicts the report and says that "the undaunted Frobisher, though round beset," had

Made their stoutest ships
Like drunkards reel and tumble side by side,
Thus, in war's spite, and all the Spaniards' scoff
He brought both ships and soldiers bravely off.

The Queen replies:

War's spite, indeed, and we, to do him right,
Will call the ship he fought in the "War's-Spite."

In point of fact, however, it was the next ship launched for the Royal Navy that was named Warspite and for nearly forty years she served, flying the flag of Raleigh, in the expedition against Cadiz and against the Plate fleet. To Raleigh's Warspite succeeded a vessel that bore a big part in the Dutch wars. Sent afloat in the spring of 1666, the second Warspite made her entry among our ships of war just after the Four Days' Fight, and just in time to take part in the St. James' Day Fight. She was in the thick of the fray, seldom having fewer than two enimies pounding at her throughout the five hours the fight lasted; but she was not so badly damaged as many of the ships, and a few days later, lying off Dungeness with Sir Thomas' squadron, she was fortunate enough to capture a French frigate that had ventured too close. The services of the Warspite, and particularly of her captain, Robert Robinson, were so distinguished that she was chosen to lead the convoy of the Gothenburg fleet that winter, and as a result took part in the only Christmas Day sea fight in our annals.

Five years later the Warspite fought with Sandwich in Solebay, and was so hotly engaged that she could not answer the appeal for help from the Royal James. The veteran admiral and his flagship perished, but that Capt. Robinson could not do other than he did is shown by the fact that five hours after the Royal James was burned the Warspite was still fighting desperately for her own existence. In the following year, with another captain, the Warspite took part in the three drawn battles between Prince Rupert and De Ruyter, while Beachy Head, Barfleur, and La Hogue are also among her records. Her successor, the third of the name, was engaged in the war of the Spanish Succession. She was launched on the Thames as the first shots of the war were being exchanged. She passed out of service as the terms of peace were being discussed. Gibraltar and Malaga were her two principal engagements, with the unfortunate incident of the convoy in 1707, when, with the Swiftsure, she was forced to fly from a squadron of seventeen French men-o'-war and half the merchantmen under her charge fell into the hands of the enemy. The name fell into abeyance for half a century, but Anson restored it to the navy list, and gave command of the new ship to his old flag captain, John Bentley. The association of Bentley and the Warspite is a chapter of romance that deserves an article to itself, for he and she were together at all the big engagements of the wonderful year when—

La Clue in the Straits was well bang'd by Boscawen,
And Conflans on a lee shore was run by bold Hawke.

She was nearly fifty years in the navy list, and passed into the hands of the shipbreakers just before Trafalgar, while the fifth Warspite was launched two years after Nelson's death. This one was the longest lived of the Warspites, for she served seventy years, and during the last twelve was a training ship for boys at Charlton, where she was burned in 1875. In the following year the old Waterloo was handed over to the Marine Society to take her place and her name, while the seventh Warspite, still in existence, is a first-class protected cruiser, over twenty years old, and ready to pass out of service.

LOVE AND MARRIAGE ABROAD.

Boy-and-girl Friendships of America Unknown in Europe.

From Everybody's Magazine.

The European man thinks he knows the American girl, but he judges her by the girls of his own country and therefore entirely misunderstands her. He cannot comprehend the healthy, unromantic friendships that exist in America between boys and girls, who see each other under all sorts of informal circumstances and yet have no thought of love or sentiment. He thinks the American girl has had long experience in the ways of men, and that she is as well versed in the manner of lovers as the experienced married flirts of Parisian and Roman society. Used to men she is; but not to the sort of men she meets for the first time abroad. She is used to the type of boy "that she has known all her life." She can fathom what he thinks on pretty much any subject, and whether he is in love with her or not is a matter that she can decide without much danger of mistake. Above all, the American youth is outspoken and frank. He has no hidden or ulterior motives; he spends little time in discussing what he thinks. He likes best to show his muscle and his skill in athletics, and the intimacy between boys and girls is founded on doing things together, riding, swimming, playing tennis, or coasting and skating; not on talking of ideas.

Yet—and this is very important and also very difficult to express: In the minds of American young men love and marriage are synonymous. To the European, love is love, and marriage is marriage; the two have not of necessity any connection.